

Helpful Beauty Hints

Suggestions About Compound Oily Creams and Lotions—A Complexion Secret—Flabby Skin—Relaxed Throat—Recipe for Dandruff—Bedtime Toilet.

In this season, when grease in various forms is essential to the preservation of good looks, it may be valuable to know how to combine cosmetic preparations.

For instance, few are difficult to compound, but carelessness may cause failure with even the simplest. Too much attention cannot be given to reducing white wax and spermaceti to the proper temperature. These form the basis of almost all cold creams, and on their manipulation depends success. They are naturally hard and must be softened by warming slightly. If they become hot the chances are that they will not again harden to the desired consistency, as the fats will have passed through a chemical change. Also they must not come in contact with any metal except pure silver. Tin or iron affects them deleteriously.

In this process the proper method of softening is to break both wax and spermaceti into small pieces about the same size, so they will melt evenly. The bits are put into a china or glass vessel, which is set in hot water. This will heat the vessel, and the contents will soften gradually.

When almond or other oil is to be added pour it into the mixture while the vessel is still in the hot water. As soon as the oil has been added remove the cup from the heat, and beat in the other ingredients slowly with a silver fork. If the mixture shows signs of hardening before the cream is finished, return the cup to the hot water for several seconds. This may be repeated several times.

All perfumed oils and essences are added last, lest heat lessen the odor. The secret of making creams lies in mixing the ingredients slowly and beating constantly. There is always a combination of elements difficult to mix, as, for example, rose water with fat. If the former is poured in bulk into the liquid fats they will not absorb it, but will harden alone, leaving the rose water on the surface. The same quantity of fat will take an enormous amount of sweet water if the latter is added drop by drop—Margaret Mixer, in New York Telegram.

Flabby Skin.

Daily applications of almond milk are good for flabby skin. The milk is made by blanching thirty good sized Jordan almonds and pounding them in a mortar with half a pint of rose water. A small teaspoonful of granulated sugar is put with the nuts to bind the oil and water. The process of blending is a long one, for the water is added hardly more than drop by drop until the nuts are reduced to powder. The preparation then stands over night, when it is strained through muslin. An even teaspoonful of powdered alum is then dissolved in rose water, just enough to make a solution, and the two are added to the milk. This is used freely with massage for the face, the milk drying on.

A Complexion Secret.

Persean ladies, who are said to have complexions whose bloom and velvety softness are simply wonderful, use no cream or ointment on their faces. Instead, they apply half an hour before their daily bath, a coating of white of egg. When this has completely dried it is sponged off with tepid water, to which is added a little tincture of benzoin, and then the skin is sponged over with cold milk. The white of egg cleanses the skin, and the treatment described removes all impurities from the complexion, leaving it smooth and soft as that of a child's.

Bedtime Toilet.

The French woman attaches as much importance to her bedtime toilet as to that of the morning. She never tumbles into bed without removing the soil of the day, as so many American women do, and that is one reason why she always looks so perfectly groomed. As a child she was taught the importance of retiring sweet and clean, and as she grew older one detail after another was gradually added to her night toilet. Thus, the nightly ceremonies became mechanical, and it would be harder for her to omit them than for an unaccustomed person to perform them.

Relaxed Throat.

Tannic acid, one ounce; glycerine, four ounces; rub together and warm slightly, till thoroughly mixed; paint the back of the throat with this applied on a camel-hair brush several times a day; this rarely fails to cure. It is also most useful to paint the throat with this in cases of whooping cough; it should not be used very near meals.

Recipe for Dandruff.

The following old-fashioned recipe will drive away dandruff. First boil in a stone jar, stood in a pan of hot water, half a pint of rose water and one-quarter ounce of sassafras wood. Let this stand till cold, then add a small wineglass of alcohol and one dram of pearlsh. Apply to the scalp once daily.

Spiral Wire Hoops for Kegs.
Spiral wire hoops now take the place of wooden hoops on barrels and kegs.

It will be somewhat difficult for the son of an aviator to "follow in his father's footsteps."

A Sign.

Conceit is a pretty sure sign of a lack of experience.

ROMANCE OF A QUIET STREET

One could hardly designate it a street, but rather a muddy lane trailing from the main road without reasonable excuse for doing so, and dragging aimlessly off into a deserted field. A few scattered houses with unlovely gables between ornamented it on either side, and it was from their presence it eventually gained the dignity of the term—street.

At the farthest end, next to the empty field, that in winter was piled high with neutrally tinted snow and in summer served as a dump heap for the entire neighborhood, lived Janet Douglas.

Janet hated that dreary street. It seemed symbolic of her whole life, which was an existence robbed of all beauty and the twang and effervescence of joyousness leaving it gray, uneventful.

Years ago, when Malcolm Kent first began calling on her, she had hoped for escape from it and peeped shyly into a future radius of happiness, where she saw reflected her own image crowned with the twin stars of wealth and motherhood.

To-night, as she rocked back and forth in the dusk of the vine-sheltered porch, she could hear the distant rumble of the trolley cars, the faint trilling notes of a burly-gurdy, and the old dissatisfied sense of remoteness from the actualities of life, that of late had been dormant, gripped her afresh and filled her with a vague unrest. So when Malcolm's broad shoulders loomed through the darkness her greeting was cold from reason of the carewornly repressed feeling that lay beneath it.

Malcolm seated himself silently on the steps, the light from the open doorway falling athwart his calm, impassive face and throwing the whole strength of his figure into such sharp relief that it seemed to Janet's wistful gaze to be hewn from granite.

"What could ever move him?" she wondered patiently. "He has never felt as I have. I must be content with his friendship."

Suddenly the silence between them was broken by the unusual sound of horses' feet thudding down the quiet street. Janet, listening expectantly, heard the slam of a cab door and the horses clatter noisily back to the main road. Two people were rushing headlong toward the house, and as they dashed breathlessly into the circle of light she saw one of them was a young man, whose laughing face was flushed with happy excitement, and who was dragging in tow a pretty bashful girl.

"Please, may we hide in your porch?" he asked, gayly. "They are after us hot foot in two autos and have chased us all over the city. It occurred to me to drive down this out-of-the-way street and send the cab on to the station without us. You see," he explained with a certain proud embarrassment, "we have just been married."

The bride blushed furiously and shook the pink confetti from her ruffled gray plumage. Janet watched them speechlessly. Never before in the annals of that quiet street had anything so wonderful happened as the advent of this radiant young couple, who seemed the embodiment of all she had once dreamed for herself. She caught her breath at the reverent tenderness in the young groom's eyes as he removed the confetti from the bright meshes of his little bride's hair. It was something to be imagined rather than known by actual experience, and far too exquisite a thing to have found birth within the bleak boundary of her own life.

During the merry explanations that followed it surprised her to see how amused and interested Malcolm became, and it was he who planned the final outwitting of the pursuing wedding guests.

At his suggestion Janet led the little bride cautiously up the street to a nearby toilet, where they were joined by Malcolm and the groom, who sneaked around by way of the field.

A car bound for the nearest suburb was safely reached, and after grateful farewells the young couple were whirled away into the night like two brilliant meteors that had flashed for a moment across Janet's dull pathway.

But, as she turned back to her quiet street with Malcolm, she was conscious they had left behind them a subtle trail of influence. The very manner in which Malcolm took her arm proclaimed it, and when he spoke his voice had in it a ring she never before heard there.

"Those young people were very happy," he remarked, as he laid a strong hand over Janet's under cover of the friendly darkness. "There was a time, Janet," he continued earnestly, "when I hoped for just such happiness for you and myself. But when circumstances were in a position to warrant my speaking of it I saw by your manner how useless it would be and I dared not risk the pleasure your friendship afforded me, so kept silent."

Janet looked timidly up into his eyes and saw in them the same beauty of expression she had seen in the young groom's, and the slight blinding her with his bewildering flashlight of joy. She hid her face against his arm. What Malcolm understood, and together they walked blissfully down the quiet street that of a sudden had become to them a hallowed place, for was it not through its medium that love at last had found them?—MARIE BUDD

Finesse.

Nothing more clearly expressed the sentiments of Harvard men in seasons of athletic rivalry than the time honored "To hell with Yale!"

Once when Dean Briggs, of Harvard, and Edward Everett Hale were on their way to a game at Soldiers Field a friend asked:

"Where are you going, Dean?"
"To hell with Yale," answered Briggs with a meaning smile.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

MASSAGE APPARATUS.

Can Be Attached to Electric Light Fixture for Power.

No, this is not a telephone. It is a massage apparatus designed by a New York man and it has many advantageous features not possessed by the ordinary massage machine. The instrument has a boxlike compartment at the top which contains electro-magnets, armature plates, etc., and means for graduating the strength of

the current sent out. The whole is mounted on a long, hollow rubber handle through which run the wires by which the instrument can be connected with a battery of its own or with the electric light fixtures in the house.

The bell-shaped device which so closely resembles the receiver of a telephone is detachable, and it is that through which the electric current is transmitted. When this apparatus is hitched up to the source of power used, the vibratory mechanism inside is set into operation and the device is passed over the head or body to produce the tingling sensation which sets the blood into circulation and from which the benefits of massage are derived. Being so light and easily manipulated, the instrument can be used by the subject himself.

The words string, in spite of Nancy's determination not to mind anything, form an "ugly duckling" baby into a beauty-loving family she had grown to understand their good-natured toleration and patronizing affection, and had early developed a sensitive habit of surrendering the right of way to others of more attractive appearance, and quietly accepting the place the world gave her.

It is probably the first time my appearance has ever given anyone pleasure," she said a little bitterly in spite of herself.

The words brought the man back to himself with a start. He was apt to forget the human side of things in his capacity as character-selector for his picture-plays, often treating people as mere creations of the brain for story-work.

"I have been brutally rude," he said compassionately. "I often am—I forget—please don't mind. Faces mean so much less to me than what lies beneath."

"I understand," she said quickly, comforted by his eager whole-hearted kindness. But her face took on again its lines of dreary plainness. She left promises to begin the month's rehearsals the next day—somewhat cheered by the prospect of temporary employment.

"What an odd man," she thought. "But how true-hearted and kind. What a real friend he would make!"

But during the busy days that followed they saw but little of each other, which is an occasional chat or a smile's exchange.

It was the beautiful, oft-told tale put into pictures, of the scarecrow Ugly Girl who meets a blind young wanderer seeking a magician to restore his sight. She takes loving compassion on his helplessness and becomes his guide, leading and ministering unto him throughout the long perilous journey to the magic-herb-land, thereby winning his love by devotion. The magician, realising the situation, first invokes the aid of a fairy who bestows on the girl the gift of great beauty. Seeing herself mirrored in a pool, the fear of meeting her lover's sight and losing him, vanishes and they leave together blessed and happy.

"How marvellously she is fitted for the part, in self and soul," Bruce thought many times. Mentioning it to the manager he was greeted with a laugh. "If she would only fall in love with her blind man, it would help her acting. You'll spoil the piece if you don't stay away, Bruce!" he said, emphatically slapping him on the back. But Bruce was too absorbed with the realization of her coming departure to joke back.

In the darkened hall, the pictures were being thrown on the screen for corrections, before the scanty actor-audience and the critics.

Nancy sat alone in a far corner, sat at heart. She saw herself in hideous stage make-up, approach the glorious climax in the picture-story, where a beautiful girl who had slipped into her own ragged garments, while the machine waited, stepped forth radiant from the fairy's wand into the arms of the newly-peeled lover.

There was a big sob in Nancy's throat. "If it were only real." No wonder he had watched and watched lovely Della Martin play. The hot tears splashed on her brown little folded hands. "If she too could only be transformed."

"Crying because there are no fairies nowadays?" Nancy looked up in great confusion. "How did you know?"

"Nancy," Bruce said, as you know I am a man of direct speech. Some cautious men need few words."

He hesitated as she looked wonderingly at him. He had not known her long, but he was so deep and soft.

"There are no fairies," he said slowly, "but there are angels." Stooping he whispered something softly, covering her eyes with his fingers. When she opened them, startled and unbelieving, she saw in his kind eyes that which transformed her own to great happy stars, and brought the bright color into her plain little face. Turning her by the shoulders till she faced a mirror-panel in the wall he said tenderly, "Dear little Ugly Girl, meet that the Love Angel has done for you."—JANET BRIGGS.

A Good Start.
Father—Now, look here, you girls—when you grow up, one of you must be able to speak French, and the other German.

Brenda—All right, Dad; Muriel had better learn German, because she can't speak English.

In the Future.
Rawson—Was he speeding?
Flaws—So fast the clouds went by like a fence.

The Ugly Girl

The man at the desk looked up in frank scrutiny at the girl entering, then jumped to his feet and shook hands with her in a pleased hearty way.

"Just the girl I want," he said with a sigh of relief. It was a peculiar situation. In her hand she carried an ad clipping as follows:

"WANTED—Girl with very plain features; awkward carriage; no style. To take part in 'Ugly Girl' in moving picture drama. Apply Room 42, Whyte Bldg. S. BRUCE."

"So I will qualify?" she asked with a whimsical little grimace. She felt at ease at once, with this big man with thoughtful eyes and direct ways. "Walk over to the door and back," she did so. "You walk too well."

"Let me try again," she said.

Bruce clapped his hands. "Good! But I wanted the awkwardness to be natural."

"It is," she said smiling. "The other is merely acquired."

Tip went his hand anxiously. "You mustn't smile when you act or you won't do. It jangles your face. I thought I should never find anyone who would recognize the necessary qualifications in herself. I'm glad to have found you."

The words stung, in spite of Nancy's determination not to mind anything. Form an "ugly duckling" baby into a beauty-loving family she had grown to understand their good-natured toleration and patronizing affection, and had early developed a sensitive habit of surrendering the right of way to others of more attractive appearance, and quietly accepting the place the world gave her.

It is probably the first time my appearance has ever given anyone pleasure," she said a little bitterly in spite of herself.

The words brought the man back to himself with a start. He was apt to forget the human side of things in his capacity as character-selector for his picture-plays, often treating people as mere creations of the brain for story-work.

"I have been brutally rude," he said compassionately. "I often am—I forget—please don't mind. Faces mean so much less to me than what lies beneath."

"I understand," she said quickly, comforted by his eager whole-hearted kindness. But her face took on again its lines of dreary plainness. She left promises to begin the month's rehearsals the next day—somewhat cheered by the prospect of temporary employment.

"What an odd man," she thought. "But how true-hearted and kind. What a real friend he would make!"

But during the busy days that followed they saw but little of each other, which is an occasional chat or a smile's exchange.

It was the beautiful, oft-told tale put into pictures, of the scarecrow Ugly Girl who meets a blind young wanderer seeking a magician to restore his sight. She takes loving compassion on his helplessness and becomes his guide, leading and ministering unto him throughout the long perilous journey to the magic-herb-land, thereby winning his love by devotion. The magician, realising the situation, first invokes the aid of a fairy who bestows on the girl the gift of great beauty. Seeing herself mirrored in a pool, the fear of meeting her lover's sight and losing him, vanishes and they leave together blessed and happy.

"How marvellously she is fitted for the part, in self and soul," Bruce thought many times. Mentioning it to the manager he was greeted with a laugh. "If she would only fall in love with her blind man, it would help her acting. You'll spoil the piece if you don't stay away, Bruce!" he said, emphatically slapping him on the back. But Bruce was too absorbed with the realization of her coming departure to joke back.

In the darkened hall, the pictures were being thrown on the screen for corrections, before the scanty actor-audience and the critics.

Nancy sat alone in a far corner, sat at heart. She saw herself in hideous stage make-up, approach the glorious climax in the picture-story, where a beautiful girl who had slipped into her own ragged garments, while the machine waited, stepped forth radiant from the fairy's wand into the arms of the newly-peeled lover.

There was a big sob in Nancy's throat. "If it were only real." No wonder he had watched and watched lovely Della Martin play. The hot tears splashed on her brown little folded hands. "If she too could only be transformed."

"Crying because there are no fairies nowadays?" Nancy looked up in great confusion. "How did you know?"

"Nancy," Bruce said, as you know I am a man of direct speech. Some cautious men need few words."

He hesitated as she looked wonderingly at him. He had not known her long, but he was so deep and soft.

"There are no fairies," he said slowly, "but there are angels." Stooping he whispered something softly, covering her eyes with his fingers. When she opened them, startled and unbelieving, she saw in his kind eyes that which transformed her own to great happy stars, and brought the bright color into her plain little face. Turning her by the shoulders till she faced a mirror-panel in the wall he said tenderly, "Dear little Ugly Girl, meet that the Love Angel has done for you."—JANET BRIGGS.

Great Total of Family Ages.
Living at the present time near Manchester is a family of eight sisters and a brother whose united ages reach the stupendous total of 607 years. The members of the family, named Stevenson, are: Caroline, 77; Jane, 74; Margaret, 72; Ann, 69; Robert, 67; Betsey, 65; Alice, 63; Emma, 61; and Sarah, 59. Five of the sisters and the brother are married.

Of Interest to Women

Visiting Cards with "Mr. and Mrs." are Correct Form Now—Double Cards for Man and Wife are Used in Many Instances Instead of Single Ones.

Visiting cards on which "Mr. and Mrs." is engraved have come prominently into use this season. For several years they were rarely seen except when accompanying gifts and even then, separate cards from the man and woman were more often used. But now the double card has its place in every card case, though custom has not yet entirely decided the detail of its use.

In paying visits a married woman, calling upon another who is married, may leave one of the Mr. and Mrs. cards, and then a single one of the man's, the separate card being for the husband of the hostess. But many smart women are of the opinion that two cards of such extremely different size do not look well together, and so when more of the man's than of the wife's are to be left, they cling to those entirely separate, using their "Mrs." and two of the "Mr." Nevertheless, good form sanctions the other method.

When a married woman calls upon a single woman, be she spinster or widow, she is expected to leave just one of the double cards. This is far smarter than hers and the husband's separately.

In sending presents of any kind, even flowers, if they go from a married woman the double card is used. It is correct to write a line of good wishes or condolence, if one desires, but it is not altogether elegant, the theory being that, should one wish to say anything, a note must be written, as a card is to bear the name only.

In size the double cards are appreciably larger than even the extreme varieties for a married woman. The same type is used, the preference being for old English or block, the name to be written in full, initials being incorrect.

Rather heavier pasteboard is used than was in vogue several years ago, but it could not by any chance be called thick.

A cream is preferred to an ivory tone. Addresses, including the numbers, are written in full, figures being regarded as an abbreviation.—Roman Schuyler, in the New York Telegram.

A Woman's Life.

"I am ill," said the Woman.

"You need a tonic," said the Doctor.

"You need to come out into the place where material things are not," said the New Thoughtist.

"You are well, you need but to say so, and it is true," said the Christian Scientist.

"You need faith," said the Preacher.

"You are in a rut; you need something to do," said the Wise Man.

"I need none of these things," said the Woman; "I need sunshine and fresh air, and health and happiness, and love."

The Cynic said nothing but he smiled, and the smile was sad and full of understanding.

Jean Wright.

NOVEL SKIRT GAUGE.

Garment Goes Between Plates and Slots Permit of Marking.

Inventors are divided into two classes—those that invent skirt gauges and those that invent other

things, and the latter are only slightly in the majority. One of the former, a California man, designed the skirt gauge shown in the illustration. This consists in a base plate, with guideways and an upright backing plate, a gauge plate, corresponding with the backing plate, is movably mounted on the base and is held in position by a spring. The gauge plate has a series of slots running up it to permit of the garment being marked. The skirt is placed between the two upright plates and the device is moved around its whole circumference. The amount to be taken off the garment is measured on the gauge plate and by means of a piece of chalk this length can be marked off as the device circles the cloth. As will be readily noted, the line thus drawn is necessarily accurate and there is no danger of taking off more cloth in one part than in another.

Where to Peel.

Bishop Taylor-Smith is gifted with a delicious sense of humor. Preaching once in charity, he told a good story of a gentleman who was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Vertly, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—in thy pocket?"—M. A. P.

The New York Tribune Farmer

is the most thoroughly practical, helpful, useful and entertaining, national illustrated agricultural & family weekly in the United States.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Send your name for free sample copy to

New York Tribune Farmer

TRIBUNE BUILDING

New York City, N. Y.

PIKE COUNTY PRESS

...\$1.50 A YEAR

JOB PRINTING

Letter Heads, Cards

Posters, Statements

Bill Heads, Envelopes

Circulars, Etc., Etc.

Time Table

ERIE RAILROAD.

AT

PORT JERVIS

Solid Pullman trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauque Lake, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati.

Tickets on sale at Port Jervis points in the West and Southwest at lower rates than via any other first-class line.

In effect June 21st, 1908.

TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS:

EASTWARD

48, Daily Express..... 4:10

6, Daily Express..... 6:40

30, Local Except Sunday..... 6:10

41, Holidays only..... 6:20

No. 8, Daily Express..... 6:24 A. M.

702, Way Sunday Only..... 7:01

42, Local except Sun & Hol 7:25

30, Local Except Sunday..... 7:50

4, Daily Express..... 8:05 P. M.

704, Sunday Only..... 8:30

24, Way daily except Sunday 8:30

3, Daily Express..... 4:56

26, Way daily except Sunday 6:35

708, Local Sunday Only..... 7:15

WESTWARD

No. 7, Daily Express..... 10:35 A. M.

47, Daily Express..... 8:55

11, Daily Milk Train..... 9:10 A.

1, Daily Express..... 11:34

115, For Buffalo 8 P. M. Sun. 12:15 P.

3, Express Chicago (via det.) 3:02

29, Daily Except Sunday..... 6:00

5, Limited Daily Express..... 10:05

Trains leave Chambers street, New York, for Port Jervis on week-days at 3:30, 7:15, 9:15, 10:30 A. M., 1:00, 3:30, 4:30, 6:15, 7:15, 9:15, 12:45 P. M. On Sundays, 7:30, A. M., 10:10, 1:15, 7:30, 9:15 P. M.

H. L. SLAUSON, Ticket Agent, Port Jervis

H. W. Hawley, Div'n Passng. Agent, Chambers St. Station New York

William B. Kenworthy M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence Broad Street next Court House, MILFORD.